

A
Copy of Verses Presented

TO

His Royal Highness,

AT THE

Lord Bishop of *SALISBURY*;

ON

Monday the 15th. of this Instant September, 1684.

To the Illustrious and High Born Prince, *James, Duke of York, and George Prince of Denmarke.*

Welcome great Princes to our Trades-men all,
Welcome to Loyalty whether great or small;
To witness which, we'll let you know
Our Lives &c. for Loyalty shall go:
Blessed be God; the Nation's now in peace again,
And *Fanaticks* once more turn Loyal men.
Now may our *King*, and *Princes* a Progress go,
God still defend them, and Confound their Foe.
Heavens bless the *King* and Royal Family to;
And prosper all what e're they have to do;
And suffer not the Unhallowed Heart and Hand,
Any more to prosper; which durst command
The Sons of Belial further for to Plot,
Or *Sallamanka* like, Swear they know not what;
To take the lives of Loyal men away,
By seeing from *St. Omers* hither in a Day:
Denying honesty, proud with Malice grow,
Regard not Others but to the Devil go,

Thinking

Thinking t'is no sin to spill the guiltless Blood
Tho ne're so Loyal and in their places good.
Faith and *Allegiance* they did not Spare,
Nor Conscience make to pull him from his Chair
Thus did the Villains think for to be great
Making Religion the ground of all their *Cheat*
They thought quite to blot out Prince *James's* Name,
Who was a *Hero* to all where e're he came.
But *Justice* soon found them out, and at last
Destroyed their Hellish Counsels with a Blast:
And the Damn'd *Rebells* brought to shame,
Who might have lived in Honour and in Fame,
Blessed be God some are already dead,
Tho others from *Justice* they are Fled:
Who dare not blame hard Fate or Destiny,
But willfull rebellion Rewarded with Misery.
Thus have Loyalty and *Justice* all their Plots out-don,
O're turn'd their Counsels, and made the Traytors Run.
Rotten members must be lopt off for feare
Of doing further harm, whilst they are here.
Gentle forbearance making Traytors to offend,
And doth but Strength to all *Phanaticks* lend:
Which makes them still expect their acts of Grace,
To thrust their *Soveraigne* out of his place.

Go Traiterous Martirs go, go and tell
Your horrid plots unto the damn'd in hell:
There Address, Associate, and for liberty call
To your old *Achitophell*, *Belzebub*, *Lucifer* and all
The Damn'd Crew————

Confounded be all such that seek their Princes Woe,
Lord cut thm off, or work their Ovethrow.



L O N D O N,

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